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AN EPISTLE FROM LITTLE Captain *BRAZEN*, TO THE WORTHY Captain *PLUME*.

To which is added, An

ANSWER to the ſaid EPISTLE.

IN WHICH

The CHARACTER of *IAGO* is ſet forth ſo as to be underſtood by the meaneſt Capacity.

The Man who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another Day;
But he that's in the Battle ſlain,
Can never riſe and fight again. Hudib.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MOORE, and ſold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

(Price Six-pence.)

AN

EPISTLE

FROM

Little Captain BRAZEN,

TO THE

WORTHY Capt. PLUME.

To which is added, An

ANSWER to the 2d EPISTLE.

The Characters of LAGO is let forth to us to be understood by the meanest Capacity.

The Man who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another Day;
But he that's in the Battle slain,
Can never fight and fight again. Hudib.

LONDON:

Printed for A. Moore, and sold by the Bookseller of London and Westminster.

(Price Six-pence.)

AN

EPISTLE

From LITTLE

Capt. *Brazen* to Capt. *Plume*.

Aunt not thyſelf, good Capt. *Plume*,
Nor on thy *late* Succeſs preſume;
Tho' *Fortune* favoured you, ſhe may
To me incline another Day,
And, in the next *approaching* Quarrel,
Snatch from thy Brow the envied Laurel.
For if a due Regard be had
To a *good* Cauſe, and not a *bad*,
Thou to thy Coſt ſhalt quickly find
That *Fortune* is not always blind.

Compelled I was, 'tis true, to yield,
And leave you Maſter of the Field;
You had my Life within your Pow'r,
Oh! curſe, ye Gods, th'unlucky Hour.

Yet ſtill that Life I will employ,
Sluice every Vein, and die with Joy,
To vindicate my *injured Friend*,
Whoſe *glorious Actions* have no End.
Like the *Meridian* Sun, on all
He ſhines, and poiſes *Europe*'s Ball;
His Country's Welfare is his Aim,
Her *Good* he ſeeks, and ſhe his *Fame*.
Clear is his Head, ſedate his Mind,
A Stateſman, and a Friend that's kind:
This *Star* of the *firſt Magnitude*,
No Schemes imperfect, raw or crude,
Does on th'attentive World obtrude.
When long revolving Years are paſt,
This Patriot's Name ſhall *fragrant* laſt.

How can you then Ungrateful proye,
And ſtigmatize the Man I love?
The Man, to whom the World pays Court,
Yet made your Banter, and your Sport.
Say, has he not a *publick Spirit*?
And wants what's *due* unto his *Merit*?
Had he not Patience, could he bear
Your every *Gibe*, your *Jeſt*, your *Sneer*?

But

But Vengeance, tho' it moves not faſt,
Will catch the *Criminal* at laſt.
For me, tho' *little* I may ſeem
To you, I ſpurn at your eſteem,
And think we merit moſt *Applauſe*,
When you inveigh againſt our Cauſe.
You would be thought a *Patriot* true,
But that, Sir, don't belong to you;
Throw off the Mask, which now you wear,
The *Wou'd-be* then will ſoon appear.
If not quite loſt to Senſe of Shame,
No more the People's Minds inflame;
No more infuſe a groundleſs Terror,
But prudently recant your Error:
Recant in Time, and wiſely chooſe
A Method to prevent the *Nooſe*.
But if y'are deaf to all Perſuaſion,
And will proceed t'embroil the Nation,
The Conſequence you well may dread,
Tho' now ſo high you rear your Head.
So, to conclude, I bid *Defiance*,
To you, and thoſe in your *Alliance*:
For you ſhall find me, I aſſure you,
A Man *tam Marte quam Mercurio*.

The ANSWER.

I READ, Sir, your *polite* Epiſtle,
But what to make on't, *Roſe* or *Thiſtle*,
Would *Swift* or *Pope* put to their *Trumps*,
Or Maſter * *Johnny* in the *Dumps*.
To me it ſeems a meer *Burleſque*,
An *Antick Figure* in *Groteſque* ;
A *Banter* on your *loving Friend*,
Whom you *diſpraiſe*, and not *commend* :
And what you mention with *Applauſe*,
Is, I ſuppoſe, the *Good Old Cauſe*.
The Man, whom you a Friend *miſcal*,
Frowns with Diſdain alike on all ;
His *Actions* are, I own, *notorious*,
Yet can't allow 'em to be *glorious*,
Or that his Country ſeeks his Fame,
Becauſe her Good is not his *Aim*.
But who is he that e'er could find
In him a Friend, ſincere and kind ?

---

* Mr. G--y.

For

For where's the Friendſhip, if he gave
Value for what he did *receive*?
But as his *Body*, ſo his *Name*,
His *Actions*, *Glory* and his *Fame*
Shall *redolent* appear, and laſt
When *Ages* yet to come are paſt.

I know not any thing more hateful
Then that foul Epithet, *Ungrateful*;
Ingratitude! O baneful *Sin!*
I ne'er was guilty; you have been;
To your own *Words* I now appeal;
Strive, for the future, to conceal,
And not *your* naked Vice *reveal.*
May *Vengeance*, tho' it moves not faſt,
Catch ev'ry *Criminal* at laſt.

Spurn not at what you can't obtain;
The *Fox*, you know, did once complain
Againſt the Grapes, and reaſon *good*,
He could not reach them, tho' he wou'd.
I wear no *Musk*; may I be thought
Juſt what I am; I won't be *bought.*
Bid *your Friend* take th' *Advice you* give
Then he may *ſave* his *Neck* and live.

As *you* would paſs for an *Adept*
Once more *yours* Challenge I accept;
But if *you* uſe *your Pen* and *Sword*
With *equal Judgment*, on my Word,
No Man may fear *your* paultry *Traſh*,
Or dread *your* much more paultry *Laſh*.
Aſſure yourſelf, the World ſhall ſee
A *Tallard* You, a *Marlbro'* Me.

FINIS.